

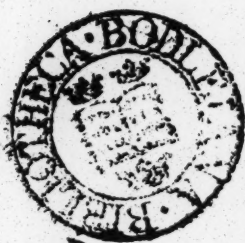
Tom Thumb

His Life and Death.

Wherein is declared many marvelous Acts of
Manhood full of wonder and strange meriment,
Which little Knight lived in King Arthurs time, and
famous in the Court of Great Britain,



Printed for F. Coles. J. Wright. T. Vere.
and William Gilbertson:





Of the Life and Death of Tom Thumb.

Of the Birth, Name, and bringing up of
Tom Thumb, with the merry pranks
that he did in his childhood.

In Arthurs Court Tom Thumb did live
a man of mickle might,
The best of all the Table round,
and eke a doughty knight;
His stature but an inch in height,
or quarter of a span,
Then think you not this little knight
was prob'd a valiant man.

His Father was a Plow-man plain,
his mother milkt the Cow,
But yet a way to get a son,
these couple knew not how:
Unill such time the good old man
to leached Merlin goes,
And there to him in deep distress,
in secret manner shewes.

Tom Thumb.

How in his heart he wist to have
a child in time to come
To be his heir, though it might be
no bigger then his Thumb
Of which old Merlin was soztold,
that he his wife should have,
And so his Son of stature small,
the Charmer to him gave.

Ne blood nor stones in him should be,
in shape and being such,
That man should hear him speak, but not
his wondring shadow touch:
But so unseen to go or come,
whereas it pleas'd him will,
Begot and boyn in half an hour,
to fit his Fathers will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
that he became so tall.
As was the Plow-mans Thumb in height,
and so they did him call
Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen
there gave him to his name,
Who with her Train of Goblins grim
unto his Chyistening came.

Wherent

Tom humb.

Whereat he cloath'd him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years,
In family sort to wear:
His Hat made of an Oken Lease,
His Shirt a Spiders web,
Both light and soft for those his Limbs,
That were so small byed.

His Hose and Doublet Whistle-down,
together weav'd full fine,
His Stockings of an Apple green,
made of the outward Rhyne
His Garters were two little haire
pul'd from his mothers eye,
His Hose and Shoes a Ponces skin,
there tan'd most curiously.

Thus like a valiant Gallant he
adventured forth to go
With other Children in the streets,
his pretty tricks to show:
Where he for Counters, Pins and Popnts
and Cherrystones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
had lost his Stock away,

Yet

Tom Thumb.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
When as most nimbly he
Would dive into the Cherry-bag,
And there a faker be
Unseen or felt of any one,
Untill a Schollar that
Thrust his nimble youth into a Box,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reveng'd, he took
(In mirth and pleasant games)
Black Pots and Glasses which he hung
Upon a bright Sun-beam:
The other Wives to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite,
For which they were most soundly whipt
Whereto he laught out-right.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was
From these his sports and play,
And by his mother after that
Compeld at home to stay:
Whereas about a Christmas time,
His Father a Hog had killd,
And Tom to see the Puddings made,
Fear'd that they should be spild.

HOW



How Tom Thumb fell into the Pudding
bole, and of his escape out of the
Tinkers Budget.

He sat upon the Pudding-bole,
the Candle for to hold,

Tom Thumb.

Of which there is unto this day
a pretty pastime told,
For Tom fell in, and could not be
for ever after found,
For in the Blood and Batter he
was strangely lost and drowned.

Where searching long, but all in vain,
his mother after that
Into a pudding thrust her Sonne
in stead of minced fat :
Which Pudding of the largest size,
into the Kettle thrown,
Made all the rest to fly thereout,
as with a whirlwind blown.

For so it tumbled up and down
within the liquor there,
As if the Devil had been boyd,
such was his mothers fear :
That up she took the Pudding straight,
and gave it at the doore
Unto a Tinker which from thence
in his black Budget bore.

But as the Tinker climb'd a stile,
he chanc'd to let a Crack,

Tom Thumb.

Now gip old knave out cry'd Tom Thumb
there hanging at his back.

At which the Tinker gan to run,
and would no longer stay,
But cast both Bag and Pudding down,
and thence hy'd fast away.

From which Tom Thumb got loose at last
and home return'd again,

Where he from following dangers long,
in safety did remain :

Untill such time his mother went
a milking of her kine;

Where Tom unto a Thistle fast,
he linked with a twine.

How Tom Thumb wrs tyed to a thistle,
and how his Mothers Cow ate him up,
with his strange deliverance out
of the Cows belly.

A Thread that held him to the same,
for fear the blustering wind
Should blow him thence, that so she might
her Son in safety find :
But mark the hap a Cow came by,
and up the thistle eat,

Poore

Tom Thumb.

Poore Tom withall (that as a Duck)
was made the red Colours meat.

Who being mist, his mother went
; him calling every where,
where art thou Tom? where art thou Tom?
(quoth he) here mother deare,
Within the red Colours belly here,
your son is swallowed up,
The which into her woful heart
most fearfull dolour put.

Mean while the Cole was troubled much
in this her tumbling womb,
And could not rest untill that she
had backward cast Tom Thumb:
Who all besmeared as he was,
his mother took him up,
To bear him thence, the which poore Lad
he in her pocket put.

Now after this in sowing time,
his Father would him have
Into the Field to drive his Plow
and therewithall him gave
A whip made of a Barly straw,
to drive the Cattle on:

Where

Tom Thumb.

Where in Surcoat's lapnet is seen,
poor Tom was lost and gone.

How Tom Thumb was carried away by a
Raven, and how he was swallowed up
by a Giant; with other strange
accidents that befell him.



Now

Tom Thumb.

NOW by a Raven of great strength,
away he thence was born.
And carried in the Carrions beak,
even like a grain of Corn,
Unto a Giants Castle top,
in which he let him fall,
Where soon the Gyant swallowed up
his body clothes and all.

But in his belly old Tom Thumb
so great a tumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
the smallest quiet take,
Till the Giant had him spew'd
three miles into the Sea,
Whereas a fish soone took him up,
and bore him thence away,

Which lasty Fish was after caught,
and to King Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found & made his Dwarf
whereas his dayes he spent
Long time in libely Jollity,
belov'd of all the Court,
And none like Tom was then esteem'd!
among the Noble sort,

Amongst

Tom Thumb.

Amongst his deeds of Courtship done,
his Highnesse did command
That he should dance a Galliard brabe
upon the Queens left hand.
The which he did and for the same
the King his Signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore
long time a Circle brabe.



Tom Thumb.



Now after this the King would not
abroad for pleasure goe,
But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,
plac'd on his saddle-bow.
Where on a time when as it rain'd,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
Into a button-hole, where he
within his bosom slept.

And

Tom Thumb.

And being near his Highnesss heatt,
he crad'd a wealthy heem,
A liberall gift, the which the King
commanded to be done :
For to relieue his Fathers wants,
and Mothers being old,
Which was as much of silver copn
as well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom
with three pence on his back,
A heaby burden which might make
his wearied limbs to crack.
So travelling two dayes and nights,
with labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereas
his parents did remain.

Which was but halfe a mile in space
from good king Arthurs Court,
The which in eight and forty hours
he went in weary sort :
But coming to his Fathers doore,
he there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoyce,
and he thereat was glad,

Tom Thumb.

His Mother in an Apron took
her gentle Sonne in haste,
And by the fires side within
a Walnut shell him plac't,
Whereas they feasted him three dayes
upon a Hazell Nut,
Whereon he rosted so long,
he them to charges put.

And thereupon grew wondrous sick,
through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
for this great man to eat :
But now his businesse call'd him forth
King Arthurs Court to see,
Whereat no longer from the same
he could a stranger be.

But a few small Aprill drops
which settled in the way,
His long and weary Journey forth
did hinder and so stay,
Unill his carefull Father took
a Bidding Trunk in sport,
And with one blast blew this his Son
into King Arthurs Court,

Tom Thumb.



Of *Tom Thumb* running a Tilt, with divers other Knightly exercises by him performed.

Not to be told with Tilts and Trnaments,
was entertained so,
15 That

Tom Thumb.

**What all the rest of Arthurs Knights
did him much pleasure shew :
And good Sir Lancelot of Lake,
Sir Tristram and Sir Guy,
Yet none compar'd with brave T. Thumb
for knightly Chivalry.**

**In honour of which noble day,
and for his Ladies sake,
A challenge in King Arthurs Court,
Tom Thumb did bravely make :
Gainst whom these noble Knights did run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
But still Tom Thumb with all his might
did bear away the best.**

**At last Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
in manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy Knight,
a battell did begin,
Which made the Courtiers all agast,
for there that valiant man,
Through Lancelots stood before them all,
in nimble manner ran,**

**Pea horse and all with spear and shield,
as hardly he was seen.**

But

Tom Thumb.

But onely by King Arthurs self
and his admired Queen:
Who from her finger took a Ring,
through which Tom Thumb made way,
Not touching it in nimble sort,
as it had been in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
from the faire Ladies head,
Not hurting her, whose even hand
him lasting honours bred,
Such were his deeds and noble acts,
In Arthurs Court there shewn,
As like in all the world besides
was hardly seen or known.

How Tom Thumb did take his sicknesse,
and of his death and buriall.

NOW at these sports he told himselfe,
that he a sicknesse took,
Through which all manly exercise,
he carelesly forsook:
Where lying on his bed soe sick,
King Arthurs Doctors came,
With cunning skill by Physicks Art,
to ease and cure he same.

Tom Thumb.



He being so slender and small,
this cunning Doctor took
A fine perspective glasse, with which
he did in secret look
Into his body down,
and therein saw that Death
stood ready in his wasted guts,
to seize his vitall breath.

Tom Thumb.

His Arms and Legs consum'd as small
as was a Spiders web,
Through which his dying hours grew on,
for all his Limbs grew dead:
His face no bigger then an Ants,
which hardly could be seen;
The losse of which renowned Knight
much griev'd the King and Queen.

And so with Peace and Quietnesse
he left the earth below,
And up into the Fairy Land
his Ghost did fading go:
Whereas the Fairy Queen receiv'd
with happy mourning cheere,
The body of this valiant knight,
whom she esteem'd so deare.

For with her dancing Nymphs in green,
She fetcht him from his bed,
With musick and sweet melody:
so soon as life was fled:
For whom King Arthur and his Knights
full forty dayes did mourn,
And in remembrance of his name
that was so strangely boyn.

Tom Thumb.

He built a Tomb of Marble gray,
and year by year did come.
To celebrate the mournfull day,
and burfall of Tom Thumb:
Whole same lives here in England still,
amongst the Countrey sort,
Of whom our lasses and children small,
tell tales of pleasant sport.

FINIS.

Toma Thumbs Father.



Tom Thumbs Mother.



